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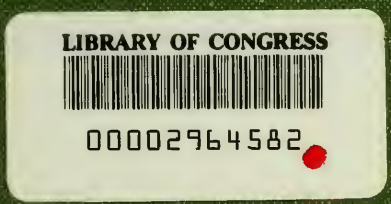

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CHOCORUA,

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

BY RH. S. S. ANDROS.

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Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.—Mart. Ep. xiii, 2.

FALL RIVER:

WILLIAM CANFIELD & COMPANY.

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1838

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PATRIOT PRESS,

FALL RIVER.

TO

THOMAS ANDROS, A. M.,

LATE MINISTER TO THE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY,

BERKLEY, MASS.

The endearing relation of parent and child has its foundation in the very nature of human existence. Art can neither increase, nor fashion diminish it. All mankind are entitled to our respect: a parent to our highest gratitude—our warmest regards. The guardian of my infancy; the conductor of my childhood, and the adviser of my riper years has unequaled claims to my affection.

To the Parent and the Patriot, as a slight, but unaffected testimony of regard, gratitude and affection, these pages are humbly inscribed by his son, THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The author of the following pages is not, perhaps, the first who has been dragged before the public against his own will. It is often the misfortune of those least desirous of being known beyond the circle of their immediate associates, to find some kind friends ready to kick them into notoriety, without duly considering the consequences of an act, which, while it affects themselves but remotely, not unfrequently does an irreparable injury to the unfortunate objects of their solicitude. Whether such a fate awaits the author, in the present instance, remains to be seen.

Several weeks ago it was announced by the publishers, Messrs. Canfield, & Co., that a volume of my poetical effusions, scattered through the columns of the periodical press, would be collected and given to the public in the course of the present year. To this I could only offer a respectful remonstrance, since such of my productions as had been printed, became, by that act, public property, and were at the service of any who might be unwise enough to hazard their re-publication in a form more permanent and expensive. The die, however, was cast; the publishers were not to be driven from their determination, and it became necessary on my part, that the whole selection, originally hastily written, should be re-examined and corrected before again claiming a portion of public attention. In the execution of this task, if occasionally I have found something to approve, I have certainly found much to condemn; and instead of always seeking to amend, I have not unfrequently indulged in the bolder process of free expunction. This course necessarily

abridged not a little the mass of selected matter; but to compensate for this, several new articles have been written, which now appear, for the first time, in the following pages.

The author does not pretend indifference as to the fate of these poetical efforts; such a pretension would be wholly at variance with truth. Their faults, if glaring, may render censure dumb; their beauties, if any they have, an enlightened public will discover. He has not the temerity either to invite or defy criticism.

RH. S. S. ANDROS.

Fall River, Sept. 8, 1838.

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CHOCORUA.[1]

He stood alone. The Pestilence had swept
In fearful might across the land, and Death
Had laid the bravest of his warriors low.
The fertile vales, through which the Saco rolls
His glistening waters, and the forest glens,
Which border on the winding Ossipee,
Were now the resting-place of half his tribe.
He stood alone, like some tall oak, whose trunk
Has brav'd the storms of centuries, and seems
With every tempest coming down, yet clings,—
And clinging, leans, and leaning, looks more grand,—
Unto the earth in awful majesty.
—Not one of all his kindred lived. Not one,
Whose blood drew animation from the fount
Whence sprang his own, remained. With him expir'd

The line.—His soul grew dark: His spirit sank
Within him; for the young, whom he had taught
The arts of war, and tutor'd in the chase,
Shrank from him as he pass'd, or smil'd in scorn.
The sun-light of his heart wax'd dim and faint:
He stood alone; all had forsaken him,
And Desolation threw around his breast
A night of gloom. O, 'tis a dreadful fate
To *be*, when all we love are torn away;
When none are left to cheer 'mid strife and toil,
To breathe one prayer, or call one blessing down
Upon our souls! It may be borne, but O!
It is not—is not Life!

* * * * *

Weary and sad,
For unsuccessfully the live-long day
Had he pursued the chase, his eagle eye
Beheld, not distant far, blue wreaths of smoke
Up-curling from a lonely cot. He knew
The white man dwelt within it, yet he turn'd
Not hence. Slowly he enter'd, and his limbs
Trembled with fear beneath him when he saw
A fair-hair'd girl, the only tenant there.

Scorn'd, hated and derided by the young
Of his own race, he scarcely durst to look
Upon the maid before him. Falteringly
He told his wants. With that sweet sympathy,
Which dwells, and only dwells in woman's heart,
She ministered to his necessities;
And ere he left that humble cot, to trace
Again his forest paths, he swore an oath
Of firm, eternal friendship to the whites.

* * * * *

Time fled apace, and pale Consumption mark'd
That lovely maid as his own victim; gave
A wild and glassy brightness to her eye,
And stamp'd upon her cheek his hectic seal.
Day after day the aged Indian watch'd,
With anxious gaze beside her couch; and brought
From field and mountain plants medicinal,
Which he had learned in youth, to soothe her pangs,
To mitigate her anguish, and restore
New energy to her exhausted frame.
But vain was all his kindness! vain his skill!
She died! and, sick of grief, Chocorua
Beheld her form placed in the icy tomb;

Then fled to his deep forests. But as oft
As Autumn look'd upon the verdant fields,
And, with a magic frown, chang'd their fresh hues
To yellowness, a hoary man was seen
Weeping above her grave.

* * * * *

At length dread war,
With all its horrors, burst upon his tribe.
Their wigwams blaz'd, their blood in rivers pour'd;
And every gale, which swept their woody hills,
Was laden with wild yells and dying groans.
Chocorua slept idle in his hut.
His bow and quiver hung upon the wall:
His knife and hatchet rusted in his belt:
He could not strike: *Her* spirit stay'd his arm!
—Madden'd, his tribe, in angry council met,
Condemn'd him to the rocky mount which bears
His name. Among its lonely caves he hoped
To dwell in quietness. To him they spake
A kindred language, and his spirit grew
Familiar with their speech.

* * * * *

He stood alone—ay—all alone! The tide

Of war had buried in its crimson flood
The forest children—save a few; and they,
In grief and terror, turn'd their weary steps
To the declining sun. Unhappy race!
Ill-fated line! all—all are gone!—The hill
No more gives back an echo to their songs!
No more the vale resounds to the quick tread
Of feet in warlike dance, or joyous round
Of festal merriment! And thou, bright Bay,[2]
Whose light, unfetter'd waves so oft have borne
Upon their burnish'd crests the swift canoe,
No longer mirrorest the noble form
Of the proud red man in thy sleepless depths!
Thou, too, famed Hope! upon whose brow the glow
Of parting sun-light rests, with mellow beam,
As loth to leave thee, oh, how chang'd art thou!
The sky still bends above thee, beautiful
As ever, and the waters play around
Thy shadowy base with undimm'd joyousness;
But where is he,[3] whose name is link'd with thine?
He of the deep, the firm, the noble soul,
Whose glory halloweth thy very sod!
His sons—blush, children! blush, for the vile deed

Your fathers did!—His sons, and where are they?
Pining, perchance, in slavery![4] My soul
Is sick! If ye have tears, oh, let them flow;
For there is not, beneath your feet, one grain
Of earth, which hath not drunk the Indian's blood!
Ay, and where'er ye tread, your footsteps fall
Upon that dust, which once was full of life,
And love, and joy!—Walk lightly, for the soil
On which ye stand is now an empire's grave!

* * * * *

It chanced that white men—whom the chase had led
Far from their homes, as o'er the mountain crag
They leap'd, with expectation burning high,—
Beheld him standing 'mong his prison cliffs.
The Past came up before them; all the wrongs,
The red men had inflicted on their race;
Their burning cots; their murder'd children, wives
And friends; each scene of desolation rush'd
Upon their minds, and fir'd their hearts with rage.
They swore revenge! The aged chief must die!
He heard his fate: He plead; he pray'd; but vain
Were pleas and prayers! They bade him leap the cliff!
— A dreadful doom!—Calmly the warrior knelt,

His hoary tresses streaming in the wind,
And rais'd his hands to heaven:—
'Great spirit, hear!
If innocence can aught avail with thee,
Let not my blood go down, without revenge,
To earth! but may my curse rest on this spot
Forever! and each thing—each living thing,
Perish upon these hills! and blight, and death,
And desolation wrap the scene!'

He paus'd, and roll'd his dark eye fearfully
Upon his murderers; and, as they quail'd
Beneath his deepening frown, he threw his form
Adown the awful precipice! Down—down
It plung'd—until a mass of mangled flesh
Stain'd the dark rocks below!—And from that day,
The mountain and the puny lake, which laves
Its base, have borne his name—Chocorua.

GENEVIA.

A SWISS TALE.

They had grown up together, for their cots,
Their lowly cots stood in the same green vale—
Abodes of peace and happiness. Their lots
Were humble, yet their hearts did never fail
When Want, with bloodless cheek, appear'd, for
health,
And truth and innocence were theirs,—and Hope,
Her choicest caskets, glistening with wealth,
Before their eyes, smiling and sweet, did ope.—
In light and joy went by their early days,
Pure, calm as sunshine, bright as vernal morning's rays.

Each fragrant vale, each green and breezy hill
Was joyous with their mirth; and when their eyes,
Sunny and soft, were beaming on the rill,
It danc'd more gaily. Flowers of purest dyes
Were their companions—Birds of sweetest song

Their gentle play-mates, whom they lov'd. Each thing
Of life with care they guarded, since to wrong
The meanest, was, (in their pure sight,) to fling
Contempt upon its Maker.—Thus they trod
Their quiet vales, communing with the present God.

Supremely beautiful beyond compare,
Was the young maid, Genevia. Joy and Love
Seem'd her sole elements. What, what are fair
And finely moulded forms, if from above
A fire hath not descended to illume
And shed its glory round them? 'Tis the bright,
Pure *soul* that charmeth! Many a flower doth bloom
Proud as the rose, as gorgeous to the sight,
Yet perisheth, scarce notic'd in the bower—
'Tis for its fragrance, *not* its hue, we prize the flower.

For years Life flew along, bright as a stream
Gliding in sunlight. Suddenly there came
A cloud of ills upon that happy dream,—
A dark and heavy cloud, we need not name;
Enough to say that they were torn apart;

The boy was driven from his mountain home,
From all the idols of his tender heart,
'Mid unknown scenes in foreign lands to roam.
Yet he was not all joyless—'Time is fleet,
So be not sad, Genevia,—we ere long shall meet!'

Months pass'd—but he return'd not. Pale became,
And faint the hapless maiden's cheek:—Her eye
Grew dim, and burn'd no longer with a flame
Of perfect joy, as wont in days gone by.—
Years pass'd—but he return'd not;—yet her heart
Sank not within her, for she lean'd on Hope,
And smiling, saw the hours, the weeks depart,
Expectant for the happy morn to ope,
When he, the worshipp'd of her soul, should hail
Again his native land—his pleasant cot and vale.

Alas! the truth she knew not—He had died!
Sick of the tumult, bustle, strife and foam
Of martial life.—Vainly, for months, he sigh'd—
Then sunk—a martyr to the love of Home!
'Twas long before she knew it—When, at last,
They told her that the gentle youth was dead,

One look of agony to Heaven she cast,
One prayer she breathed, and then her reason fled!
—A few long years of wretchedness and pain
Went by—their *spirits* met, never to part again.

I'VE GATHER'D A GARLAND.

I've gather'd a garland
  Of sweet-scented flowers,
The fairest that grow
  In our wild forest bowers;
The soft dew still glistens
  Within their bright cells,
And angels, good angels
  Are couch'd in their bells.[5]
Ere they wake from their slumbers,
  And hie them away,—
To whom shall I offer
  My pretty boquet?
To whom shall I offer
  My pretty boquet?

Sweet Cara, dear Cara,
  Who wickedly wove
Soft spells o'er my spirit,

And taught me to love,
Was woo'd by another,
With silver and land,[6]
And—wo for my bosom!—
She gave him her hand!
Then, with smiles of contempt,
Bade *me* haste away!
So whom shall I offer
My pretty boquet?
So whom shall I offer
My pretty boquet?

Next Anna, good Anna,
With deep beaming eye,
And lip of sweet carmine,
Awaken'd a sigh.
But ah! her young bosom
Knew naught of Love's flame;
'She could never *like* me!'
And was she 'to blame?'
Vain, vain were my prayers—
She turn'd me away!
So whom shall I offer

My pretty boquet?
So whom shall I offer
My pretty boquet?

Then Lais, proud Lais
Ensnared me anew,
She sent me sweet flowers,
And notes seal'd with *blue*;[7]
And wove me a chain
Of her bright raven hair;
But quickly, ah! quickly
Her love vanish'd in air!
For she found I was poor,
And spurn'd me away!
So whom shall I offer
My pretty boquet?
So whom shall I offer
My pretty boquet?

To Jeanie! to Jeanie!
The artless and mild,
Whose bosom is guileless
As that of a child!

Whose eye is a fountain,
  Untroubled and deep,
Where thoughts, like bright jewels,
  Now glisten, now sleep;
Whose spirit hath beauties,
  That cannot decay,—
To her I will offer
  My pretty boquet;
To her I will offer
  My pretty boquet.

PILE ON THE WOOD.

Pile on the wood! Pile on the wood!
For furious is the storm,
And there is nothing half so good
As fire, to keep folks warm!
Besides—while one sits by the hearth,
Where Peace and Pleasure dwell,
And listens to the strains of mirth
And joy, that round him swell;
Though rude his lot, his pathway drear,
Though sorrow o'er him lower,
He, from his eye, may dash the tear,
And own a happy hour.

O let them sing of sunny isles,
Of bright and laughing skies,
Where the earth is ever wreath'd in smiles,
And fair as Paradise;
Where the vales are carpeted with flowers,
Whose odors fill the air;

Where Love and Beauty build their bowers,
  Pure, bright, beyond compare;
I ask them not—no, far more dear,—
  Though frost-chains bind her rills,
And Winter triumphs half the year,—
  Are my New-England's hills!

Pile on the wood! Pile on the wood!
  For furious is the storm,
And while ye *feel* how sweet, how good
  It is to be thus warm,
Forget not those who friendless roam,
  While the fierce blast drives by,
And have no resting-place—no home—
  No shelter but the sky!
Alas! ye little ken, I ween,
  Who quaff the cup of bliss,
How deep *their* sorrows are, and keen;
  'In such a night as this!'[8]

Think ye the beggar has no heart?
  Think ye he cannot feel?
Think ye Misfortune's fiery dart

Has chang'd his breast to steel?
Then ye have never heard him sigh
O'er unforgotten years;
Nor have ye seen his grateful eye
Beam through the starting tears!—
O turn not forth the child of woe,
Nor ask him *why* he pleads—
If *Fate* or *Folly* brought him low,—
It is enough—HE NEEDS!

AN AUTUMNAL FRAGMENT.

Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so fill'd;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute, still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.—*Coleridge.*

How wonderful, how glorious and grand
This world of ours! How full of loveliness!
Of majesty and beauty, O how full!
In all its various changes, how sublime!
—When Spring unfolds the tender buds, and plains
And mountains, hills and vales, woodlands and meads
Are all clad in her bright and beauteous hues;
When every grove is vocal with the songs
Of Nature's sweetest warblers, and each breeze
Bears soft and fragrant odors on its wing,—
Who can go forth and view the glorious scene,
And murmur, 'Earth is one wide realm of wo
And misery—a prison-house, where Man
Was plac'd to sorrow for some crime!'—And who,—
When Summer's heavenly garniture is cast
O'er Nature's face, and every gale is laden

With the delicious sweets of full blown flowers,
And every bower fill'd with the soothing hum
Of bees, inviting softest slumbers,—who,
That has a heart for happiness, would ask,
Or wish a world more glorious than this?
—In Autumn still our Earth is beautiful!
And though it comes in sadder garb than Spring,
Or Summer, yet of all the Seasons, none,
Methinks, hath voice more eloquent, or speaks
In deeper language to the heart of man.
Go forth into the woods and mark the scene!
The flowers are dead; the leaves are brown and sere;
And if a breeze pass by, they fall in showers
Upon thy head. The birds, to whose soft notes
It was a bliss to listen,—save the jay
And raven, whose lone cry sounds from the top
Of some bare oak,—have flown to sunnier climes.
—Go forth! and though sad thoughts, perchance, may flit
Across thy mind, as thou dost gaze around,
And dark forebodings of thine own decay
Come o'er thee, they will pass away full soon;
For Hope shall picture to thine eye the Earth

Cover'd with brighter and with fresher flowers;
The trees with greener foliage; and the fields
In garbs more beautiful and lovely clad.
So thou,—when the sere Autumn of thy days
Shall come, and Death seize on the crumbling clay,
Bidding thy spirit quit its tenement,—
Shalt rise to worlds of purer beauty, where
No tempests rage, no clouds obscure the sky,
But one unfading Summer decks the scene.

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

The Snow-Spirit came from her far Northern home,
Where hill, plain and valley forever are white;
Where the ice-mountain rears its beautiful dome,
Than diamond more dazzling, than sapphire more bright;
Where the half-famish'd bear roams proudly around,
Fierce tyrant and lord of the desolate heath,
Where that giant bird [9] dwells, whose shriek, if it sound
In the murderer's ear, is instantly death!

The Snow-Spirit came, and the swift pinion'd breeze
Announc'd her approach with a deep, fitful song,
Which swept o'er the mountain, and sigh'd through the trees,
As it hastily flew on its errand along.
At length the loud wind, that so heavily rush'd,
Sunk down to a softer and lonelier hum,

And the creak of the blinds on their hinges was
hush'd—
For in beauty and peace the Snow-Spirit come.

The Snow-Spirit came, and the hill which was brown,
By her powerful breath was soon chang'd to white,
And valley and highland, and desert and down,
And forest, as far as could travel the sight,
Were wrapp'd in a robe so dazzlingly pure,
So radiant with splendor, so glistening and bright,
The eye not a moment the scene could endure—
And all was the work of the gentle Snow-Sprite!

The Snow-Spirit comes!—I must hie me away
To the land of the vine—for I love not her power,
Since her pathway forever is mark'd by decay,
And my *own* fate is told by the pale, blighted flower!
I'll hie me away to some bright, sunny isle,
Where the forest and meadow forever are green,
Where the vineyard and garden unceasingly smile,
And the track of the Snow-Spirit never is seen.

THE SETTING SUN.

When the last sunshine of expiring day
In Summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?—*Byron.*

THE setting sun, the setting sun!
How sweet, how calm he sinks to rest;
What gorgeous dyes he throws upon
The clouds that float along the West.
And O how pensive is the hour!
See, how his rays of golden hue
Linger on yon old ivied tower,
As loth to bid the scene adieu!

The birds, that in his rising beams
Carroll'd so blithely o'er the glade,
Are silent now; the winding streams,
That joyous on their courses play'd,
Are murmuring, but with sadder noise;
The flower is drooping on its stem,

While with a melancholy voice,
The night-wind sings its requiem!

The setting sun, the setting sun!
There's not a scene so sweet, so dear,
For Sorrow's child to gaze upon,
As this spread out before me here!
The dewy flower, the morning bright
May please the happy, charm the gay;
To me they are a joyless sight—
They tell of pleasures past away!

The wither'd leaf, the blighted flower,
Are lovelier than the wreath of green;
And dearer far is twilight's hour,
Than morning's bright and glittering sheen;
And sweeter is the night-wind's tone,
Than all the swelling strains of art;
For mournful sights and sounds alone
Can soothe the worn and blasted heart!

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How sweet he sinks in yonder west!

O when my toils on earth are done,
  May I thus calmly sink to rest!
May no dark clouds around me lower,
  No tempest rage within my heart,
But may my spirit in that hour,
  Like yonder glorious sun, depart!

And since a cloudless setting sun
  E'er brings a morning fair and bright,
How sweet a day will dawn upon
  The pure, unclouded spirit's sight!
An endless day of endless joy
  Shall to th' enfranchis'd soul be given,
Where care and sorrow ne'er annoy—
  An endless day of bliss—in heaven!

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

A BEAUTIFUL being she is, I ween,—
Her eye is the brightest that e'er was seen;
Her brow is pure as the Parian stone;
Her smile by an angel's was ne'er out-shone;
Her tresses are dark as the raven's plume,
And her lip is rich as the young rose's bloom.

Her cheek is fair as the blush of the sky;
Her breath is sweet as the summer wind's sigh;
Her step, as a fairy's, is fleet and light
In the mazy throng of dancers bright,
And her voice steals mellow and rich along,
Like the first pure gush of the bulbul's song.

Sweet girl of the cottage! How oft, how oft,
When the stars were bright and the gales were soft,
I've wander'd with her by the smooth sea-shore,
And caught the far dip of the boatman's oar;

Or the heavenly tones of the warbling flute,
And the distant sound of the lover's lute.

How oft, how oft with her I have stray'd
Through forest and glen, o'er hill-top and glade;
Or linger'd, at twilight holy and dim,
When wild birds were singing their vesper hymn,
'Neath the willow which shades yon crystal rill,
To list to the notes of the whip-poor-will.

Sweet girl of the cottage! I love her well!
Yet my soul is not bound by Beauty's spell;
For the blush of her cheek and the light of her eye
Must fade like the glow of the sun-set sky;
Her tresses must part with their glossy hue,
And the bloom of her lip be blighted too.

Sweet girl of the cottage! I love her well!
For innocence, truth and gentleness dwell
Within her young bosom, and ever throw
A sweetness around where her foot-steps go;
A sweetness, which steals on the soul like balm,
And bids the billows of passion be calm.

Like that plant, that beautiful plant, [11] whose bloom
Pours out on the night-air a sweet perfume,
Her eye flashes forth with magical power,
To brighten and cheer the gloomiest hour,
And a smile wreaths her lip, so holy and mild,
She seems—that she is—Heaven's own blessed child!

AUTUMN.

Autumn is come again! The chilling blast,
That whistles rudely by—the meadows brown,
The yellow hue, o'er hill and forest cast—
The leaves that come in rustling showers down—
The brighter radiance the stars flash forth,
The lights that play at eve along the North:

The wide extended fields of ripen'd grain—
The powerless rays of the declining sun—
The absence of the 'woodland wooer's' strain,
Proclaim in solemn accents—Summer's gone!—
Gone down to swell the torrents of the Past!
And who shall see another Summer cast

Its beauty o'er the Earth?—Who shall behold
These fading scenes again in glory dight?
Ere it return, this bosom may be cold,
These eyes be sealed in everlasting night!

This heart forget to beat—these lips be dumb,
And this form lie in the deep, icy tomb!

And shall no Spring e'er break upon the grave?
Shall flesh and Spirit, there alike confin'd,
Perish together? Shall Oblivion wave
Her raven wing o'er the high soaring mind?
It cannot be!—Spring *shall* dawn on the tomb,
And Man come forth to bright, unfading bloom!

THE MYSTERIOUS BIRD.

Thou beautiful bird
  Of the golden crest,
Of the shining wing
  And the glossy breast;
Who sittest from morn
  Till the close of day,
On the thorn by my window,
  And singest a lay
More holy and sweet
  Than mortal hath heard—
Whence—whence comest thou,
  O beautiful bird!

Ere the bright, warm Sun
  Mounts his Eastern tower;
Ere the bee hies forth
  To feast on the flower,
Thy soul-thrilling measures

Of rapture and love
Are gently ascending,
Like incense, above!
No eye yet hath seen
From whence thou dost come—
O beautiful bird,
Where—where is thy home?

I have watch'd thee—when sunset
Threw over the hill
A mantle of glory—
All breathless and still,
And seen thee unfold
Thy glistening wing,
And rise on the air,
Like a heavenly thing,
Till lost to the eye
Of the gazer below—
O beautiful bird,
Where—where dost thou go?

Art thou of the Earth?
Or dost thou abide

On some star that glitters
In beauty and pride?—
Hast learn'd that pure song
Of sweetness and love,
From beings who dwell
In regions above?
Dost visit the Earth
To cheer the lone breast?
O beautiful bird,
Where—where is thy rest?

I know by thy notes
Pour'd out on the air,
Thou dream'st not of sorrow,
And kenn'st not of care!
I would that my spirit
Were buoyant as thine;
My bosom as guiltless,
My song as divine;
My feelings as holy
As those of thy heart!
O beautiful bird,
Why *must* thou depart?

Alas! thou art gone!
Far—far in yon blue
Thy delicate form
Recedes from my view!
It hath vanish'd!—But He,
Who form'd thee, will bear
Thy pinion unharm'd
Through the wide fields of air!
Yes—He, at whose bidding
The dark tempests swell,
O beautiful bird,
Will protect thee well!

DEEP, DEEP IN YON VALLEY.

Deep, deep in yon valley,
Where wild roses bloom,
And shed on the zephyr
Their richest perfume;
Where woodbine and ivy
And sweet eglantine
Unite their young tendrils
In amorous twine;
Where song-birds at mòrning
Their purest strains pour;
There, maid of my bosom,
I've built me a bower!
There, maid of my bosom,
I've built me a bower!

Unknown is the spot
To Sorrow—to Care,
And Grief cannot breathe

Its sweet scented air!
For Love hath erected
His bright rosy throne
In that beautiful vale,
And each thing is his own.
On pinions of sun-light
The moments flit by—
Sweet maid of my bosom,
To that bower wilt thou fly?
Sweet maid of my bosom,
To that bower wilt thou fly?

STANZAS.

Among the gay and heartless crowd,
Where mirth is high and laughter loud,
O never think of me!
I would not dim thy flashing eye,
I would not wake a single sigh,
Or check thy buoyant glee!
I would not give a moment's pain
For all a thousand worlds contain,
To one, beloved, like thee!
In joyous crowd, or glittering hall,
In bright and merry festival,
It were not meet to think of one,
So young, and yet, alas, undone!

When Morning in the Orient glows,
Dashing the dew-drop from the rose,
O think not of me then!
Nor yet at noontide's brilliant hour,

Nor yet in pensive twilight bow'r,
Nor in the moonlight glen!
But when thy pure and holy prayer
Steals sweetly through the midnight air,
Far from the haunts of men,
Then, think of me, and kindly pour
One wish, that soon my woes be o'er
On Earth—my many sins forgiven—
And that we meet at last in Heaven.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

Sister, dear sister, wilt thou never come?
The hours hang heavily, and home
Is, O, so desolate, when thou art gone,
I sigh and pray for Night
To shut my wearied sight,
And when it comes, I sigh again for dawn!
O, I have watch'd for thee the whole day long!
Each rattling wheel I heard
My young heart's fountain stirr'd,
Expecting it would bring thee! and a throng
Of pleasant things to tell thee rush'd
Upon my mind, and gladness flush'd
My sickly cheek and lighted mine eye
To think thou wert so nigh!

Sister, dear sister, wilt thou never come,
With thy sweet smile to cheer our home?

O much we miss thee, when young Morning throws
Her robe of golden dye
Along the eastern sky;
And much we miss thee till the day-beam's close;
But most we miss thee at the twilight hour,
When, borne on spirits' wings
Sweet thoughts of holy things
Sink deeply in the heart with magic power;
And at the tranquil time, when prayer
Is wont to charm the silent air,
O it is saddening not to see thee stand
Amid the household band!

Sister, dear sister, wilt thou never come,
To cheer our lone and humble home?
The pretty flowers, thy worshipp'd idols, pine,
And their bright leaflets seem
Less fresh and fair to beam,
Since on their cups thine eye hath ceas'd to shine.
Whene'er beside their fragrant beds I stray,
Each sweet and lovely one
I chance to gaze upon,
Lifts up its head, as it did wish to say,

'Ah! whither hath she gone? We yearn
For her! when, when will she return?'
O, in their name, I pray thee, Sister, come,
And go no more from home!

TO MARY.

Beautiful one! it is a bliss to gaze
Upon thy brow, where smiles are ever glowing,
Sweet as the mellow light which sports and plays
Around the West when bright-eyed Day is going.

It is a bliss—and yet, alas! there steals
A fearful thought upon the gazer's bosom—
Time, 'neath his wing, some cup, perchance, conceals,
Whose draught will blight thy hopes before the blossom.

Young Love, enamored of thine angel lip,
Rich as the crimson sky of sun-set parted,
In thy heart's fountain his light plume may dip,
Wake strangest joy—but leave thee broken-hearted!

Pale Care a shadow o'er thy path may cast,
And Sorrow steal from thee of joy each token,

And Anguish wring thy spirit, till, at last,
It be a sweet-toned harp, unstrung and broken.

O may it not be thus! But to thy way,
Bright creature! be the richest raptures given,
Till, like the star, which heraldeth the day,
Thou melt'st away into the light of Heaven! [12]

THE SWISS EXILE.

He was not old, and yet his locks were white,
Like silver; and his eye had lost its fire,—
Speaking no more the mighty language, which
It spake in youth.—He had been wandering
For many years from clime to clime, and grief
Had dried the fountains of his heart, and quench'd
The light of joy, which had been wont to cast
A heavenly hue on every thing around him.

It was but yester-eve he pass'd our door.
Weary and faint with travel—for the day
Had been a sultry one—he sat him down
By the road-side to rest his way-worn limbs.
It pleased me—and yet I pitied him—
To note how he did gaze upon a hill,
Which rose near by, its sides wrapped in a mantle
Of the freshest green, with here and there a tree,

And one small rill foaming adown it,—while
Its frowning summit, stain'd by many a storm,
And riven by the fiery lightning's stroke,
Contrasted strangely with the scene below.—
Silent and sad he gaz'd—But as the Sun,
Sinking beneath the horizon, threw a glow
Of most etherial beauty on its top,
A sound of music from the neighboring dell,
Gentle as spirits' melodies, burst on
The air. A smile of wild despair wrinkled
His bloodless lip; a tear stray'd down his cheek,
And these sad words fell faintly on my ear:—

'Breathe not those notes again—
Those which in youth I heard;
There's witchery in each strain,
There's magic in each word!
My vales and cloud-capt hills,
My native skies of blue,
My rocks and foaming rills,
Are bursting on my view!
Then hush, O hush those notes,
I cannot, must not hear!

Home—home before me floats,
Sweet sounds are in my ear!

'With soul unmov'd I've stood
Upon the battle ground,
And seen the reeking blood
Stream from each breast around;
But when that holy strain
Comes murmuring softly by,
Despair darts through my brain,
My spirits faint and die!
Then hush, O hush those notes,
I cannot, must not hear,
Home, home before me floats,
Sweet sounds are in my ear.

O Ranz des Vaches! what spell
Hath magic like thy charms?
Let once thy soft notes swell,
The warrior quits his arms;
The conqueror flies the field [13]
In victory's glorious hour;
The exile's spirits yield

And sink beneath thy power!
Then hush, O hush that strain,
It clouds, it fills my eye,
I must not hear again—
For home, for home I die!'

DEATH OF CANONCHET. [14]

On his conquerors he gaz'd
With a proud and haughty air,
And his eye with a flame of hatred blaz'd,
Which shook the boldest there;
And a bitter smile of scorn
Around his dark lip play'd,
While his brow, like a cloud by thunder torn,
Wore a deep and fearful shade!

'Go,—bid your chief attend!—
I have no words to spare,
No breath in idle talk to spend
With *children*—as *ye* are;
Though captive and in chains,
Though fetter'd every limb,
While a drop of royal blood remains,
I speak with none save him!'

* * * * *

'Ye say my doom is death!
Strike! nor a moment spare!—
I ask ye not for another breath—
I have no need of *prayer!*—
Death—death—I like it well!
Ere my heart be soft and tame—
Ere my breast with a thought or feeling swell,
Unworthy of my name!

'But mark! REVENGE *will* come!
The tomahawk and brand
Shall desolate each field, each home,
And sweep ye from our land!
Soon may the dark cloud burst,
The tempest round ye break;
For *blood* a thousand warriors thirst,
And *yours* that thirst shall slake!'

Old men in silence stood,
Young limbs with terror shook,
Bright eyes grew dim, and the curdling blood
Each ruddy lip forsook;
The bravest soldier paled,

Though burning for renown,
And the heart of sternest mettle quailed
Beneath his deepening frown!

'Why wait ye? I have done!
Cravens! why shrink ye so?
Among ye all is there not one
Dares strike the deadly blow?'
A moment—through the air
The death-charg'd bullet sung!
He fell—In his eye a hideous glare,
And a curse upon his tongue!

TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Ye beautiful Spirits, that flit o'er the North,
Whence come ye in glory and loveliness forth?
Whence draw ye those rose-tinted flashes of light,
Which stream to the zenith, pure, dazzling and bright,
Then fade, when the brightest they seem, from the eye,
Like the beings Hope brings to charm us, and—*die!*

Say, are ye the souls of the happy and bless'd?
No more by care, sorrow and suffering oppress'd!
And sport ye around on your pinions of light,
In your robes of purity, lovely and bright,
That ye may catch the gaze of the wanderer's eye,
And beckon him up to your homes in the sky?

Or are ye those guardian Angels who keep
Their vigils o'er Earth, while her myriads sleep?
Or wait ye to marshal through yon azure dome

Some Spirit, that pants for its glorious home?
Whence come ye? why burn ye? O breathe in my
ear,
If language ye have, that Mortal may hear!

A moment—then,—sweet as the strains that are sung
By harp of the Zephyr,—the bright sky rung:—
'Like the dazzling stars—like the soft-beaming moon,
For ages and ages we've glitter'd and shone,
To publish, in unerring language, abroad,
The might of our Author—the glory of God!'

ODE,

FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST,

MDCCCXXXVIII.

A voice went forth—a voice of wail!
From the Islands of the West;
Where the bloom of the orange perfumes the gale,
And the palm-tree waves its crest.
Across the deep it swept,
On the wings of the rushing blast,—
And the patriot sire, who long had slept,
And the matron old and maiden young,
And the youth, with heart to pleasure strung,
From their death-like slumbers awoke and wept,
Where'er its echoes pass'd!

A voice went forth—a mighty tone!
Yet no pealing cannon rang;
Not a flag to the fluttering breeze was thrown,

Not a swelling trumpet sang!
It roll'd across the main,
And burst on the isles of the sea!
'Twas the voice of Love—'Rend every chain!—
Will ye quench the spark of Heavenly birth?
Will ye crush the deathless soul to earth?—
From the wave-wash'd strand to the verdant plain,
O let th' oppress'd go free!'

A voice comes forth—a voice of song!
A burst of rapturous glee!
'Tis the shout, the glad shout of the ransom'd throng,
The loud anthem of the free!
Wide—wide the pæan rings,
O'er the land and the heaving main,
And the craggy mount in thunder flings
The chorus up, and a deep reply
Rolls back to earth from the joyous sky,
And the chainless ocean leaps and sings,
'All hail, fair Freedom's reign!'

A voice—the voice of Echo—List!—
'Soon—soon will the morning break,

When the isles by the waves of the South sea kiss'd,
And the ice-bound North shall wake!
The captive, bow'd to earth,
Shall be loosed from his galling chain,
And the peasant, pining by his hearth,
And the SLAVE, condemn'd to grief and toil,
On our own COLUMBIA's hallow'd soil,
Shall leap from his fetters with shout of mirth,
And RIGHT triumphant reign!'

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

He came, but O how chang'd, how chang'd the scene,
Where the sweet moments of his youth were pass'd!
Which Fancy still rob'd in its hues of green,
As fair and bright as when he saw it last.
He knew stern Time spar'd not the things of Earth,
Yet thought he not that blight and dark decay
Would seize so soon the lov'd spot of his birth,
And dash its treasures and his hopes away!

He came—The elms, that stood before the door,
And cast their shadows o'er the verdant lawn—
The knotted ivy, that crept wildly o'er
The mossy roof—the lilacs—all were gone!
The weed and thistle grew upon the spot,
Where once the bright and glorious rose had grown,
And where had stood the pleasant garden grot,
The ruby grapes of Proserpine [16] were strown.

He turn'd towards the cot—'T was silent all!

No sound was heard save the lone night-wind's
breath;
No notes of pleasure echoed from the hall—
All—all was voiceless as the vale of death!
With trembling hand the rusted latch he rais'd—
He stood again upon his father's hearth!
With sinking heart and swelling eye he gaz'd—
'Can this—*this* be the lov'd spot of my birth?

'Alas! alas! sweet mother, where art thou?
And ye, my sisters, why are ye not here?
Is the cold turf upon thy peerless brow?
Have ye—O no!—ye *have* not press'd the bier!
Father, canst thou not welcome home thy child?
Or hath the Archer pierc'd thy noble heart?
My brother! where art thou—once kind and mild?
Are ye *all* gone?—Then let me too depart!'

He turn'd him from the scene—and turning wept—
Unto the church-yard, 'neath whose vesture rude
The worship'd idols of his spirit slept,
In calm repose—in breathless solitude.
On each dark stone some precious name he read;

Each grassy mound was rear'd some friend above;
Here lay a mother's, here a sister's head,
And here the object of his first—last love!

'And art *thou* dead! So beautiful, so young,
When last we parted! Hast thou left me too?
Is the cold clod upon thy bosom flung?—
Strike yet again, O death!—Life—Life, adieu!
Here shall a couch be made for this lone breast!
Here is the goal—no more—no more I roam—
For where *she* sleeps, and where my kindred rest,
There is my best—there is my only home!'

Six Springs had thrown their beauties o'er the Earth,
And six stern Winters buried it in gloom,
Since he had join'd his kindred in their mirth,
And now he came to join them—in the tomb!
How oft one moment casts the dye of years,
And makes those years with pain and sorrow rife!
How oft one word will drown the heart in tears,
And make a dreary wilderness of Life!

Triumphant Time! no strength can stay thine arm!

The noblest pile falls like the tender flower!
Man dieth,—but thy touch can never harm
The Soul: The Soul feels not thy fearful power!
When the bright Sun shall yield him to thy might,
And Earth and Sea and Sky be wrapp'd in fire,
Free shall *she* rise upon her wings of light,
And soar unscath'd above the funeral pyre!

WHEN WILT THOU THINK OF ME, LOVE?

When wilt thou think of me, love?
When wilt thou think of me?
When Morning gilds the verdant hills,
And burnishes the sea?
When wild birds sweetly warble, love,
On every forest tree,
And charm the air, with music rare,
Then wilt thou think of me?

When wilt thou think of me, love?
When wilt thou think of me?
When stars shine bright, and soft moon-light
Sleeps on the dewy lea?
When Zephyr gently lingers, love,
Around the sweet rose-tree,
And perfume sips from flowery lips,
Then wilt thou think of me?

When wilt thou think of me, love?
When wilt thou think of me?
When rosy gleams flit o'er thy dreams,
Of hours from sorrow free?
O say thou wilt forever, love,
In sadness or in glee,
At morning bright and dewy night,
Forever think of me!

MONODY.

He died in youth: Before the silken locks,
Which cluster'd round his noble brow, had lost
Their sunny tint; before his glorious eye
Had ceased to speak its deep and touching language,
And the fresh carnation of his cheek chang'd
To the cold, loveless hue of Age—he died.
In his last hour the gentle gales of Spring,
And the soft breath of the serenest South
Play'd o'er his pallid brow. The turf, they plac'd
Above his form, was beautifully ting'd
With green, by the young grass, and here and there
Peep'd out an early flower. O it is meet
Such drapery should ever wrap the couch
On which love, gentleness and youth lie down
To sleep the long, the tranquil sleep of Death!

He died in youth: While yet before him shone,
With beam ethereal, the star of Hope;

While yet young Fame was speaking on the ear
Of men the greatness of his mind, in tones
Which well might fire the breast, and twining round
His brow the laurel wreath; while yet his soul
Was fill'd with lofty aspirations, thoughts
And proud designs; while yet on him the love
Of *all* was thrown, like fragrance sweet on winds
Which steal o'er isles of balm—he droop'd—he died.
He came—he pass'd like some frail exhalation,
That, for a moment, gilds the gloom of night,
And cheers the eye of the faint traveller,
Then fades and vanisheth! He came—he pass'd
Like the wild strain of an Æolian lyre,
Which sinks upon the ear of pensiveness,
In twilight hour, and clings, once being heard,
Forever round the soul with strangest spell!

Ha! is he dead? the beautiful, the young,
The child of Love and Genius—is he dead?
Those lips, which breath'd such touching eloquence,
Are they forever hush'd? Those eyes which beam'd
With such deep meaning, and that glance,
Which struck the soul, as Evening's breath

Moveth the silent harp-string, wakening it
To strangest melody, shall they no more
Shed forth their glorious light upon the earth?
—Alas! sweet memories come thronging up!
The spirits of past hours are flitting by!
The voice of other days is in my ear,
And tears *will* flow! How oft have I, with him,
Whom now I mourn, along the margent stray'd,
Of yon blue bay, and watch'd the crested waves,
As on they came, with tiny shout, to cast
Their foam-bells at our feet! How often stood
Upon yon frowning pinnacle of rocks,
(Which Nature, in some hour of agony,
Or, it may be, of mirth, cast forth, with throe
Convulsive, from Earth's burning breast,) and caught
Afar the gleam of village spires; and mark'd
The winding way of the bright rivulet;
And listen'd to the murmuring waterfall,
While from the forest rose, in concord sweet,
The wild-bird's matin song or vesper hymn.

Behold! a long faint line of red still lingers
In the Occident:—So, even so it look'd,

Methinks, when last I stood upon this shore
With him, in gamesome mood! But *he* is not!
The waters roll as brightly, and the stars
Beam down upon them with the same pure look
Of love and gentleness: But he is not!
Hark! whence that soft, that wondrous voice!—'*Is not?*—
He liveth still! and hath become a part
Of that which he adored!'—Then let me hush
These strains, and like the Thracian, [17] rather joy
That he is free from the cold bonds of clay,
Which chain the lofty spirit down to earth.

THE LOVER'S REFRAIN.

O WHERE was I, where was I,
Twelve month's ago?
Gazing on the jewell'd sky,
Pining for wo?
Wandering, as now, alone,
Sadly and slow,
Listening to the night-bird's moan,
Twelve months ago?

Sitting in a lady's bower,
Twelve months ago,
Gazing on a human flower,
Stainless as snow;
Mingling vows of endless love,
Thoughtless of wo,
Happier than saint above,
Twelve months ago!

Where is now the bliss I knew
Twelve months ago?
Where the maid I deem'd so true?
Gone—gone! I trow.
I will heed no more Love's tone,
By my troth! no!—
Would that I had never known
Twelve months ago!

THE SUICIDE.—A DREAM.

And dreams in their development have breath;—
* * * * *
And look like heralds of eternity,—
* * * they speak
Like sybils of the Future.—*Byron.*

METHOUGHT 'twas evening, and I stood within
A small green dell, through which a gentle stream
Wound slowly. Upon either bank, there stood
Cypresses, so overgrown with woodbine
And the green running ivy, that they form'd
A lovely bower. And here were seats, not made
By art, but by the plastic hand of Nature.
The earth, beneath my feet, was carpeted
With grass, so beautiful and fresh, it seem'd
A couch spread for the sleep of some fair Naiad,
Weary of sporting in the crystal stream,
Or tripping in the light, fantastic dance
With the fair Druids of the balmy grove.

Around were scatter'd flowers of every hue.
The harebell, modest violet, and rose,
Sweet honeysuckle and the jessamine
Here grew in wild luxuriance, and breath'd
Ambrosial odors on the passing gale.
The birds, that all day long had pour'd their songs
Of innocence, were silent now, save one,
The plaintive whip-poor-will, whose touching note
Anon rose from a neighboring hedge.

It was
A scene for thought and meditation form'd.
Through the small crevices above, the Moon,—
Now beaming, and now veil'd by some thin cloud—
Shed a wan lustre on the stream beneath,
As the pale rays of Hope fall on the heart—
The withering heart, a moment, and then all
Is dark again—ay, darker than before!

Lo! suddenly, before me stood a youth!—
A youth, whose years were few; but thought and care,
And misery had cast upon his brow
Their blight; and these alone, in one short day,

Will throw a deeper shade upon the brow,
Than years—long years of mirth and gladsomeness.
For 'tis not Time, that dims the eye, nor toil,
Which steals the flush of crimson from the cheek—
But struggling passions, prison'd in the heart!

What did he there, and at this solemn hour?—
For evening's shades had chang'd to midnight's gloom—
And why did sadness o'er his aspect brood?
Anon, as by the margin of that stream
He slowly walk'd, he sat him down, and lean'd
His head upon his lean and fleshless hands,
And sighed and sobbed, and wept!—Then he arose,
Like one bewilder'd, and his trembling lips
Gave utterance to these dark and boding words:—

"'Tis done! That long—that maddening dream
Of happiness is past!
The star of Hope, whose lucid beam
Enchantment o'er me cast,
Is set!—O where shall light be found?
'Tis dark within—'tis dark around

This wretched breast at last!
Those dreams of bliss, so fondly cherish'd,
Are gone—and with them Hope has perish'd!

'A weed upon mad Ocean's tide—
Chaff on the whirlwind's wing,
Are emblems, lightly, faintly dyed,
Of me—that hopeless thing!
Borne down on Passion's raging wave,
With none to raise an arm to save,
To what—what shall I cling?
O Death! in mercy set me free—
There is no rest on earth for *me!*

'I sleep—but dreams of what is past,
Prey on me even then!
I wake—and in the midnight blast,
Seek out some lonely glen!
And there, in silence dark and deep,
I sit me down to think—and weep!
Amid the haunts of men
I woo forgetfulness, and yet
Forgotten, never can FORGET!

'I once had friends—but where are they?
Have lov'd—but it is o'er!
The ties that bound my soul—away!
And torture me no more,
Ye cruel thoughts!—I cannot brook
To think on what I am—or look
On that I've been before!—
Farewell! sweet stream! and thou, green dell!
And you, ye starry heavens, farewell!'

He ceas'd—and from a precipice that rear'd
On high its crags, and beetled o'er a chasm—
A deep, unfathomable chasm, he threw
His form!—One groan arose, and all was still!

Amazement and wild horror seiz'd upon
My soul—a moment I was senseless,—then,
Methought, I hasten'd to the precipice
And look'd far down the chasm.—Nothing caught
My eye, but as from the abyss I turn'd
Away, a voice of wail burst on my ear!

'Fool, that I was, to rush to endless wo!

What pains on Earth, were mine compar'd with those
I hence am doom'd to bear? Here must I live,
And clank my cankering chain in agony!
While Conscience—fierce and 'never dying worm'—
Like the Promethean vulture, preys upon
My heart, and Furies tear me in their sports!
And this must be forever—without end!
Would I had never been! Would I could shrink
To nothingness!—Must—must I live forever!'

* * * * *

I heard no more, for terror came upon
Me, and I struggled long in agony,
Such as no words can paint, and then awoke.

NOTES.

NOTES.

1.

Chocorua. Page 9.

THE mount which bears this name, is the Northern limit of a line extending through the Eastern part of the State of New Hampshire. It is the highest South of the Notch, and stands almost alone. Its perpendicular elevation cannot be less than five thousand feet, and from its summit is a most fearful precipice. It received its name from an Indian Chief, who was killed upon it, by a party of hunters, in a time of peace.

2.

And thou, bright Bay!
Whose light, unfettered waves, etc. Page 13.

This apostrophe to the doomed race was written on the shore of Mount Hope Bay; a place peculiarly suited to such a theme.

3.

But where is he, whose name is link'd with thine? Page 13.

Phillip, the bold and warlike king of the Wampanoags.

4.

Pining perchance in Slavery! Page 14.

The wife and son of Phillip were basely sold, by the colonists, as slaves, either in the island of Barbadoes or some one of the Bermudas.

5.

And angels, good angels
Are couch'd in their bells. Page 20.

As delicate a form as thine, my love,

And beauty like thine, have the angels above;
Yet man cannot see them, though often they come
On visits to earth from their native home;
Thou ne'er wilt behold them, but if thou would'st know
The houses, in which, (when they wander below,)
The angels are fondest of passing their hours,
I'll tell thee, Fair Lady, they dwell in the *flowers!*

FROM THE GERMAN. *By L. Bancroft.*

6.

With silver and land. Page 21.

This line may be found, differing only in the orthography, in some one of the Scotch Poets. The article in which it occurs, and its connection, are forgotten; I alone remember

'Wi' siller an' land.'

7.

She sent me sweet flowers,
And notes seal'd with *blue*. Page 22.

'I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in Love's taper,
'Tis the color of true hearts, *sky-blue.*'

8.

In such a night as this. Page 25.

In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise: in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Act V, Scene I.*

9.

Where that giant bird dwells, whose shriek, if it sound
In the murderer's ear, is instantly death. Page 30.

Or that giant Bird,
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable shape
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never Murderer heard and lived.

COLERIDGE. *Destiny of Nations.*

10.

And since a cloudless setting sun
E'er brings a morning fair and bright. Page 34.

It is a prevailing idea in some sections of the country, if the sun set clear, the succeeding day will be pleasant. Though this is not universally true, yet, perhaps, it is sufficiently so, to allow the comparison in the text.

11.

Like that plant, that beautiful plant, whose bloom
Pours out on the night-air a sweet perfume. Page 37.

The Night blooming Cereus,—a strangely beautiful flower, which opens its petals only at midnight.

12.

Till, like the star, which heraldeth the day,
Thou melt'st away into the light of Heaven. Page 52.

They set, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened West, or hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.—POLLOK.

13.

The Conqueror flies the field,
In Victory's glorious hour. Page 55.

Cet air (Ranz des Vaches) si cheri des Suisses qu'il defendu sous peine de mort de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu' il faisoit fondre en larmes, deserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l' ardent desir de revoir leur pays.—Rousseau.

14.

Death of Canonchet. Page 57.

April 9th, 1676, Canonchet was found on the Pawtucket, or Blackstone river, not far from the village of Pawtucket. The following is a part of Hubbard's account of his capture :—

'One of the first English that came up with him, was Robert Stanton, a young man that scarce had reached the twenty-second year of his age, yet adventuring to ask him a question or two, to whom this manly sachem, looking with a little neglect upon his youthful face, replied in broken English, '*You much child; no understand matters of war; let your brother or your chief come, him I will answer;*' and was as good as his word; acting herein, as if, by a Pythagorean metemphsychosis, some old Roman ghost had possessed the body of this western pagan; and, like Attilius Regulus, he would not accept of his own life, when it was tendered him, upon that (in his account) low condition of compliance with the English, refusing to send an old counsellor of his to make any motion that way, saying he knew the Indians would not yield; but more probably he was not willing they should, choosing rather to sacrifice his own, and his people's lives to his private humour of revenge, than timely to provide for his own, and their safety, by entertaining the counsels of a peace, so necessary for the general good of all.—Hubbard, pp. 128, 129.

When told, his sentence was to die, he said 'he liked it well, that he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself.' He was shot at Stonington, under the eye of Denison, and the friendly Indians were his executioners.

His carriage was strangely proud after he was taken; being asked why he did foment that war which would certainly be the destruction of him and all the heathen Indians in the country, &c. He would make no other reply to any interrogatories, but this; that he was born a prince, and if princes came to speak with him he would answer; but none present being such, he thought himself obliged, in honor, to hold his tongue, and not hold discourse with such persons below him in birth and quality. He told them he wished rather to die than to continue under confinement; that all he desired was not to be tormented, but presently put to death, which he requested might be done by young Uncas that aided us, as acknowledging him his fellow prince; yet, withal threatened, he had 2000 men would revenge his death severely.—LETTERS TO LONDON, p. 9

15.

Ye beautiful spirits that flit o'er the North. Page 60.

It was formerly the belief of the Laplanders that the 'Northern Lights' were the spirits of the Blessed.

16.

The ruby grapes of Proserpine were strown. Page 65.

No—no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-footed, for its poisonous wine,
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By night-shade, ruby grape of Proserpine.—KEATS.

17.

Then let me hush
These strains, and like the Thracian, rather joy, etc. Page 74.

The customs of Trausi are in every respect similar to those of the other Thracians, except that they have an observance peculiar to themselves at their births and funerals. * * * When one dies, they bury him with demonstrations of the greatest mirth and pleasure, as being now in perfect happiness, and beyond all the ills of life,—which they enumerate.

HERODOTUS, *Terpsichore*, cap. 5.

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